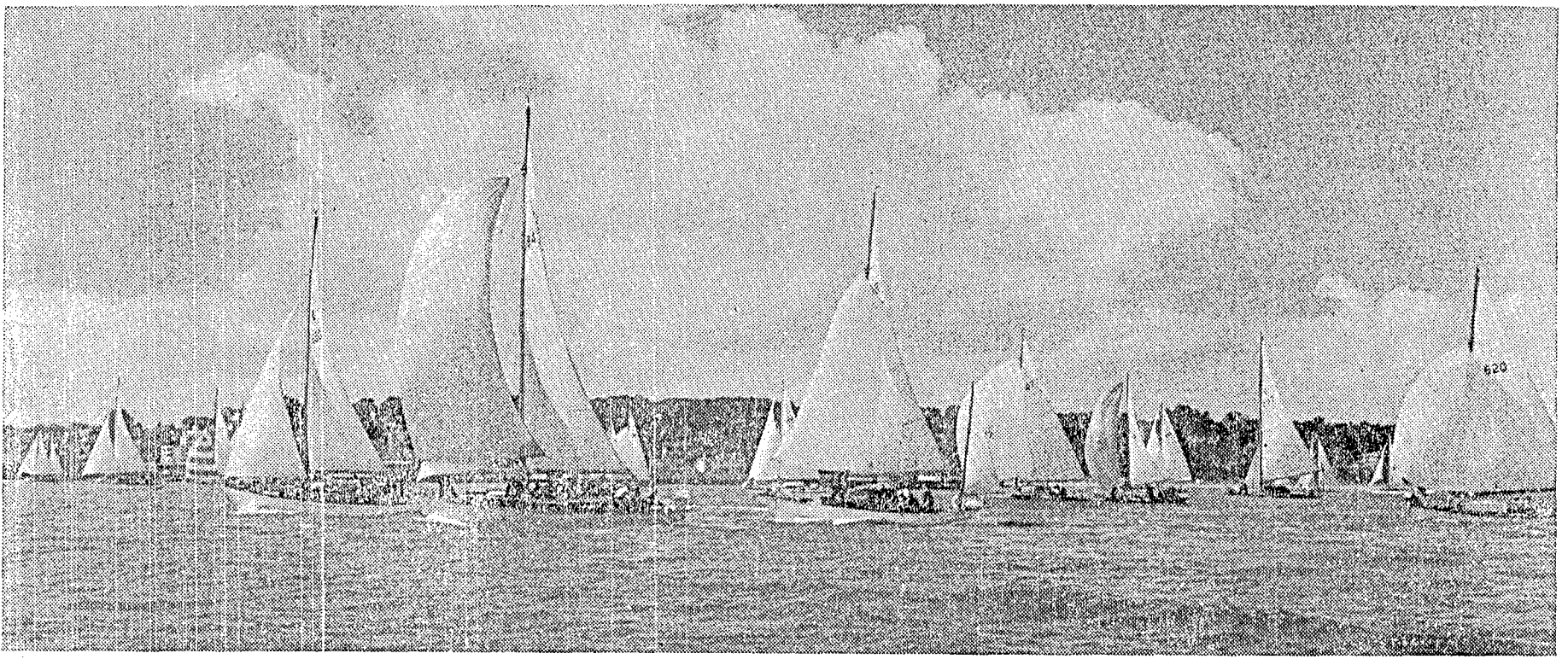


CHILDREN'S NEWSPAPER

Every Wednesday—Fivepence

FOUNDED BY
ARTHUR MEE

4th August, 1962



GOODWILL VISITS

The crew of a Russian cargo ship, the *Jan Krenks*, are taking home badges from the Great Yarmouth Cliff Park Secondary Modern School, as souvenirs.

While the ship was docked at Yarmouth the school invited the Russian seamen to their school play. Afterwards the Russians asked 30 of the children to see over the ship, take a trip up the River Yare in her, and watch some Russian cartoon films.

Here come the lifeguards!

Rescue drill by girl cadets of the lifeguard corps at Lowestoft. They patrol the beaches ready to rescue anyone in difficulties in the sea.



Where did William Rufus fall?

In the year 1100 someone shot William II, better known as William Rufus. The Rufus Stone in the New Forest, long believed to mark the spot where this happened, is 12 miles from where it ought to be, according to Mr. Arthur Lloyd, a Hampshire history master.

The stone was erected 217 years ago by Lord De La Warr, and ever since has been a tourist attraction. But Mr. Lloyd claims that it should be at Park Farm, on Lord Montagu of Beaulieu's estate. This farm in ancient times was called Thorougham, and Leland, the 16th-century historian, wrote that Rufus died near a chapel at Thorougham.

SAILING DAYS AT COWES

The world-famous annual regatta, Cowes Week, begins next Saturday at this great centre of yacht racing in the Isle of Wight. The yachts in the races will range from little dinghies to the big ocean-going class that compete in the America's Cup race. The Duke of Edinburgh will be sailing in his ocean-going yacht, *Bloodhound*, and he will also sail the much smaller *Coweslip*,

which belongs to the Flying Fifteen class. Young people will probably take part in four races in the Enterprise class, five in the Solent Scows class, and three in the International Cadet class.

Yacht racing at Cowes goes back to 1780, and a club was formed there in 1812 which was afterwards named The Royal Yacht Squadron.

Shelter for homeless animals

A new animal shelter at Sheffield RSPCA headquarters has electrically-heated beds for dogs, cushions for cats, and accommodation for birds, rabbits, hamsters, and guinea-pigs. There is also a special bath for swans covered in oil.

Part of the cost of the shelter was provided under the will of Mrs. Florence Wilkinson, who was a Sheffield animal lover.

YOUTH HOSTEL IN A SCHOOL

The disused mixed infants school at Overton on the Hampshire Downs has been turned into a 36-bed youth hostel by do-it-yourself members of the YHA. Giving their services free, they have been working as painters, gardeners, carpenters, clerks...

Hostellers arriving at Overton will have to get used to being directed to "the old infants school."

SCHOOL PET SHOP COMPANY LIMITED

Six months ago some boys at a Leeds school started a company for selling pets to the pupils. Their capital was £3 in 60 shilling shares, and with this they began business.

Since then the boys have sold 60 mice, 30 rabbits, 10 hamsters, and 15 guinea-pigs, making an income of £9. Of this £6 has gone for feeding their animals and the rest has been set aside towards building a bigger hut for them.

The company was founded by the biology master with the idea of making the boys animal-lovers, and at the same time teaching them about stocks and shares. A fourteen-year-old is the company's secretary and treasurer. He keeps the books, prepares a balance sheet, and prints share certificates on a duplicating machine.

Business is still brisk, and the company's shares are now worth 1s. 9d. each. Dividends will doubtless be paid in due course.

Girls are best riders

Mary Dutton, of Bury St. Edmunds, opened a riding school two years ago when she was 16. She now has nine horses and 50 pupils.

She teaches both boys and girls, and of her pupils she says, "The boys want excitement and like to rush the horses. And they mostly lose interest after they are 14. The girls persevere, and are definitely better."



Mobile blacksmith

Peter Tuson (23) of Lytchett Minster, Dorset, is a blacksmith with a difference. Instead of the horses coming to him, he takes his forge to the horses—by car!

Readers' Letters

THOSE SCHOOL UNIFORMS!

Dear Sir,—Surely any uniform, whether it denotes membership of a school, or corps, or team is something to be proud of? If a school demands that all its members wear a uniform, the discipline outside the school will automatically improve. The uniform should be cheap but long-lasting so that it is available to poorer people.

Finally, if all schools wear uniform, yet another of the class barriers which exist in English society will be broken down.

William Bailey (14), Chipstead, Surrey.

Dear Sir,—What can you do with a school uniform anyway? Perhaps you can show the public that you attend a certain school, or perhaps you can satisfy the whim of a school governor who wants everyone to look alike and share his tastes. But one thing is certain: when you come out of school you want to enjoy yourself, but Mum is not going to let you use the jacket as a makeshift



goal post, or climb trees with your uniform on. So you escape to your beloved jeans and sweater.

This need of two rig-outs is important to mothers, especially of large families. The cost of living is forever going up and many find it hard to get through the bitter money struggle. Anyone who asks a parent in a situation like that to supply double kit for the pupil lowers his own standard of common sense.

Danny Sutherland (14), Kinlochleven, Argyllshire.

Dear Sir,—I don't like school uniforms because they remind me too much of school. Every time I go to my wardrobe to get a frock out, I see the uniform on a coat hanger waiting for me to get into it on Monday morning.

Roberta Crump (11), Meretown, Shropshire.

Dear Sir,—If a school has a uniform, then I think that it ought to be worn in its entirety or else not at all. We have a school (Farnborough Hill Convent College) rule which says that if we wear one part of our uniform then we must wear it all. We are not allowed to wear our blazers with home clothes or all our uniform with the wrong shoes or gloves.

Claire Nicholson (13), Farnborough, Hants.

Having surfaced at last from a sea of letters about blazers, caps, scarves, gym tunics, jeans, sweaters, berets (everyone hates berets) I feel that I must now be the world's leading authority on school dress!

Seriously though, what a response to our latest Talking Point! More letters than ever before, and such good ones that it was harder than ever to make a selection.

Look out for another—and very special—Talking Point later this month.

A Postal Order for 10s. is being sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

Dear Sir,—I think it is utterly ridiculous that grown-up girls are compelled to wear gym dresses of the most dreary, appalling colours of black, bottle green and nigger brown.

Why can't we have nice, good-looking, decent clothes? Every girl, during the weekends and holidays, wears the newest fashions in the most delicate soft colours which are pleasing to the eye. But come term time, out comes the modern style of the 1900's, which is enough to carry a permanent, huge depression over the whole term.

Rachel Davies (15½), Aberaeron, Cardiganshire.

Dear Sir,—Wearing uniform in schools is in my opinion out of date. In a girls' school the slip or gym-slip worn is most unattractive. Why are parents forced to pay good money for clothes that can only be worn in school?

One thing I dislike wearing intensely is a beret. The wearing of it is almost impossible as it blows off at the slightest provocation, and it is so shapeless that it is very difficult to wear to the satisfaction of our teachers.

I feel sorry for youths of 17 and 18 who have to go around with an unsightly cap perched on their heads. It is common sense to permit them to do away with their headgear.

Although not as much use would be made of these chances in a boys' school as in a girls' school I feel that boys also ought to be given more freedom about their dress.

Frances Hodgson (13), Bolton.



Dear Sir,—We have a school cap half red and half black and I quite like it except it is too big for me, and when my school friends see it they always say that they can only see my body and the cap. So I am half proud and half ashamed.

K. Verjee, Hove 4.

Why don't you write to me this week? (The Editor, Children's Newspaper, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.)

Dear Sir,—I am entirely in favour of having school uniform because it puts everybody on the same level—rich and poor.

There is absolutely nothing to be ashamed of in wearing school uniform. It is often much neater, smarter, and more respectable than clothes which would have been worn otherwise.

David Ward, Dorchester, Dorset.

Dear Sir,—I am a pupil of the prep school at Christ's Hospital. In the whole school there are more than 800 boys.

The school was started in 1552 for poor boys at Greyfriars Monastery in London, which was given by the church to start the school off. In 1902 a branch came here to Horsham and another went to Hertford, which is now the girls' Christ's Hospital.

The girls wear an ordinary school uniform but ours is very traditional. We have a large blue



coat with shining buttons and a girdle. There are knee breeches underneath, and bright yellow socks. The bands are pinned on to the shirt which is under the coat. The name for Prefects is Grecians, who have 18 buttons.

We have a huge dining hall, a large chapel, and a music school. Maine, Barnes, Lamb, Coleridge, Mydleton, Thornton, and Peele have all been here, and have houses named after them.

D. S. Deeks, Christ's Hospital, near Horsham.

Dear Sir,—At my school (The French Lycée) we are allowed to wear anything reasonable, and make-up and jewellery if we wish. We have a school badge and scarf (optional) which show us to be one of the school without reducing our appearance to one of dreary sameness.

I think that this system is the best possible for us, because we get familiar with many more styles and ideas in clothing than children with uniforms.

Sandra Foubister (15), London, W.1.

KNOW YOUR NEWS

WIND OF CHANGE AT WESTMINSTER

By our Special Correspondent

PARLIAMENT has just risen for the holidays, following the Prime Minister's clean sweep of his Conservative Cabinet and other Ministerial posts last month.

The many Cabinet changes have given all three parties a lot to think about.

THE CONSERVATIVES—in power since October 1951—are worried about their prospects of winning the next General Election due, at the latest, by October 1964.

THE LABOUR PARTY—the main Opposition in Parliament since 1951—see in their rivals' floundering a chance to repair their own fortunes.

THE LIBERALS—with only seven Members of Parliament—have hopes that the electorate may be turning to them. In a dozen recent by-elections there has been a marked increase in the Liberal vote and in one case, a Liberal victory, in the Tory seat of Orpington, Kent. In others the Liberals humiliated the Tories by pushing them into third place where Labour won a three-cornered fight.

How it happened

Chief cause of the "old" Government's unpopularity was the steady rise in prices. In an attempt to check it Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, was ordered to halt



Mr. Reginald Maudling, MP

the regular cycle of trade union demands for wage rises.

This halt was called the Pay Pause. Unhappily, some of the most deserving people—including our poorly-paid hospital nurses—were caught up in it.

Mr. Lloyd (as many Tory MPs said) was made the scapegoat for this.

Yet no-one was quite prepared for the "slaughter" which Mr. Macmillan an-



Mr. R. A. Butler, MP

nounced on Black Friday, July the 13th.

With Mr. Lloyd went seven other senior Ministers and eight junior Ministers. Many of these had served with Mr. Macmillan since he took over from Sir Anthony Eden in January 1957.

To give the Government a new "face" and infuse fresh blood the Premier brought in politically young men. Mr. Lloyd (58) was replaced at the Treasury by Mr. Reginald Maudling (45), the former Colonial Secretary.

Eleven MPs on the back benches (average age 44) were promoted. Among these: Mr. Christopher Chataway, the great runner.

Deputy Premier

At the other end of the scale Mr. R. A. ("Rab") Butler gave up the Home Office to become First Secretary of State and Deputy Prime Minister.

Until now the office of Deputy Prime Minister has not been known to the British Constitution, though there was a First Secretary of State for about 20 years from 1786.

This new-look Government has to face the negotiations for Britain's entry into the Common Market, and Commonwealth criticism of this step at a London conference of Prime Ministers next month.

Don't be surprised if Parliament is recalled from its holidays to debate one or more of the vital issues of the day.



LION-CUB RESCUE

by Laurie Kaye

RUBEN, the Uganda game ranger, out on patrol one day found signs of poachers—human footprints, the pawmarks of a lioness and a smear of blood on the ground.

So he went after the poachers and their wounded quarry. Ruben could follow a trail no matter how old or faint. From the day he was five, his warrior father had taught him to read the tracks made by the beasts of desert, forest, water, or mountain. A broken twig here, two flattened grass stalks there, the print of a human toe on the sand, or a single hair from an animal's tail.

Every one of those things he had seen that day as on and on he went, skirting swamp and climbing hill. Dust covered his boots, his puttees, and his knees, while the sun scorched

Here is another of the special animal stories which CN is publishing.

These stories are from the clever pen of Laurie Kaye and tell of what she saw and heard in the beautiful Botanical Gardens at Entebbe, capital of Uganda. In the gardens is a nursery for the young of wild animals found in the bush by the game wardens.

weary lioness was halfway up the next hill. He could see, too, that the end was very near.

Knowing that he could never reach her in time, he shouted. The echoes came back from all round the hills.

The three poachers, realising they too were hunted, just dropped their spears and ran—one left, one right. But the third carried straight on, missed

desperately hard to reach.

At the first ray of sunlight he was on his way. Quietly, stealthily now, he travelled, for where there was a lioness there might also be a lion, her mate. Ruben also realised that the lion alone would never be able to rear the cubs. Somehow he would have to get them back to safety.

Game rangers have to use every sense they've got—taste, touch, sight, hearing, smell—and as he approached an outcrop of rocks, Ruben was using his nose. He could smell big cat long before he found the cave and knew that the search was ended.

Hungry twins

The cubs, or the Twins as we afterwards called them, were lying quiet and warm, although they must have been very hungry, when he crawled into the cave. Two shiny small black noses twitched, for the twins also knew about smells and they had never smelled man before.

Four golden eyes opened wide and closed again to slits sleepily as they watched Ruben. He put out his hand and touched the tawny fur, soft as finest silk. The twins spat at such an indignity, clawed the air and retreated to the other end of the lair. Ruben tried again. The larger twin bit him and the smaller twin scratched. This time it was Ruben who backed away—right out of the cave into the sunlight, where he sat sucking the blood from his hand, deep in thought.

How to get them back to camp? He could not carry them, small as they were. They would have clawed the tunic off him before he had got half way. Then he had his brain-wave, and was off to the swamp to cut papyrus reeds, and make a basket.

Load of trouble

Back in the cave he tried everything. He chased the cubs into the basket, he tried putting the basket over their heads. But as soon as one was in the other was out. So in the end he took off his tunic, wrapped each twin separately in that and shook it out into the basket.

He carried his load balanced on the top of his head. What spittings and baby growlings came from above on that return journey, and how people stared as he passed!

When some time later I met the twins in the Botanical Gardens at Entebbe, they were already installed at the animal nursery, full of fun and quite at home. By now they loved the smell of man. For man meant milk, and tickle-behind-the-ears, and a good old roll.



the back of his neck, for he trotted head bent, searching for every single sign.

By late afternoon he knew the animal was tiring and the poachers were slowing down. The pawmarks were no longer firm and the feet that followed dragged at the earth. Ruben gained steadily.

Sighting poachers

In the foothills of the Mountains of the Moon, he caught a glimpse of the quarry as she dragged herself up a slope. It was a lioness. Soon after that he saw her clearly for the first time. Silhouetted against a darkening sky with her head thrown back, she howled. Ruben redoubled his efforts to catch up.

Soon he had worked his way above her. And from there he could also see three poachers, halfway down the slope in swampy ground, while a very

his footing and fell into the swamp with a splash. An angry crocodile, dozing like a log, lumbered up with gaping jaws and made for the fallen man. Ruben shouted again, and the poacher was away with the crocodile close on his heels.

Ruben lay flat on that mossy slope to get his breath back. The poachers had gone and he must let them go, for there was much more important work for him to do.

It was already dusk when Ruben heard the lioness roar for the last time as he plodded on. It was dark when he suddenly fell over a great body that sprawled across his path. The lioness was dead.

His anger was hot but he had his report to make—on her age, her length, her condition, and he noted them all. And Ruben knew that, in the morning, he must find her lair and the cubs she had tried so



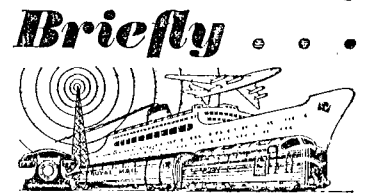
Little Pat of Great Barr

Pat Newbold is only ten, but already she is an accomplished skin-diver, and has won many junior competitions. Pat, who lives at Great Barr, Birmingham, has been skin-diving for three years.

Cave School

Britain's first demonstration centre for cave explorers is being established in a quarry at Buckfastleigh, Devon, where there are entrances to several caves of great interest. One of them is rich in the remains of prehistoric animals.

The new "cave school", intended for students of all ages, is sponsored by the Society for the Promotion of Nature Reserves.



Boys of a school at Ilkeston, Derbyshire, are building a full-sized electronic organ from RAF surplus equipment and old piano keyboards. When completed it will be worth about £1,000.

A strange fish with a shark's body and a snake-like head, caught off the Outer Hebrides, has been identified as a frilled shark, an extremely rare species.

Thirteen Sutton Coldfield schoolboys have climbed 14 Caernarvonshire peaks, each over 3,000 feet high, in just over 19 hours.

Pupils of a school at Barnsley, Yorkshire, have started a scheme for visiting sick and aged people to do odd jobs for them and take them flowers from their own gardens.

An angling contest at Chester was won by ten-year-old Susan Kean of Wrexham, one of the six girls among 227 competitors.

Cold comfort

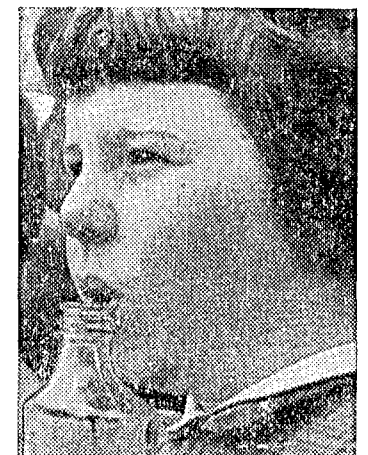
Firemen and a refrigeration engineer worked for half an hour to free a four-year-old boy who had his hand caught in an ice-cream machine in Derry, Northern Ireland.

"With a toot on the flute and a whistle on the bottle"

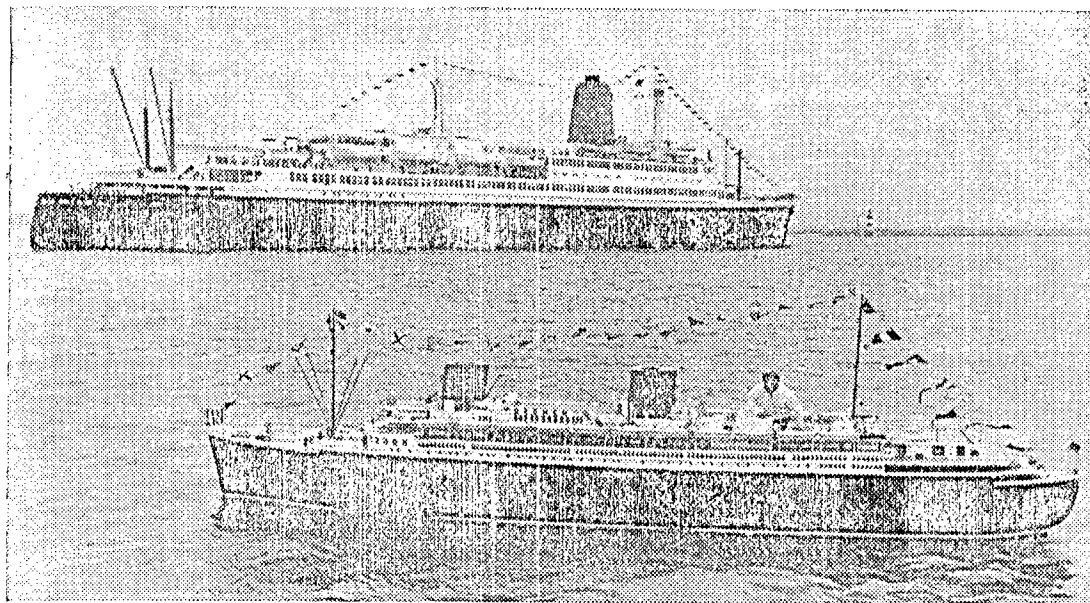


An odd sort of band has been formed at a school in Long Island, New York.

Two pupils play the flute while the rest of the band produce their music by blowing on bottles containing varying amounts of water, as can be seen in the picture on the right.



THIS WIDE WORLD



Bremen passes the Bremen

Two Munich men spent nearly ten years making a 40-foot model of the famous German liner *Bremen*, which was destroyed by fire in 1941. In the Weser estuary the other day the model was "undergoing trials" when the new *Bremen*, flagship of the Norddeutscher Lloyd Line, steamed past.

Cherry tree exchange

The famous cherry trees in Washington D.C., which line the tidal basin and bring thousands of visitors to the United States capital every spring, were a gift from the people of Tokyo 50 years ago.

But the parent trees in Tokyo almost disappeared after the last war. Many were struck by blight and others cut down for firewood. So, ten years ago, the people of Tokyo asked Washington: "Can we have some of the cherry trees back?"

Now the young trees from Washington are bearing blossoms again in Tokyo.

SWOOPERS CLUB

Results of Bird Competition

Binoculars are awarded to:

Geoffrey Wheatley, John Carr,
Nottingham, Weybridge, Surrey,
Michael Kings, Watford, Herts.

Copies of Bird Spotting by John Holland are awarded to:

Hugh Dugan,	A. Womersley,
Bathgate (Scotland),	Woodhall Park,
Harvey Robins,	Barry Williams,
Hounslow,	Enfield,
Ann Abraham,	Linda Wormald,
Cambridge,	Ruislip,
Robert Osmont,	Elizabeth Wells,
Wimborne,	Fenn (Bucks),
John Palmer,	Christopher Pocock,
Great Yarmouth,	Maldenhead,
Nigel Birch,	Christopher Spencer,
Bedford,	Cheltenham,
Michael Chambers,	Patrick Doody,
Maldenhead,	Cheltenham,
John Nickson,	Peter Schofield,
Torquay,	Anglesey,
Alasdair Houston,	Jenny Medcraft,
Wednesbury (Staffs),	Gidea Park (Essex),
Mary Greenhalf,	Susan Hartill,
Haywards Heath,	Dudley,
Neil Thomas,	Michael Crowe,
Wakefield,	Great Yarmouth,
Stephen Pavery,	Stephen Harrington,
Beckenham,	Loughborough,
	Famela Datchen, O'faly (Eire),

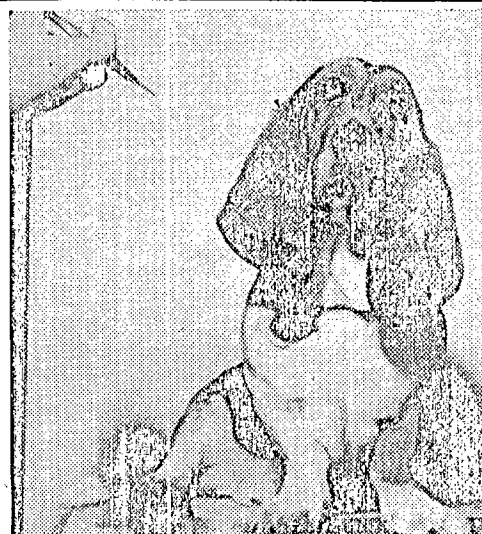
SALT-WATER CROCODILES

Do you want a live salt-water crocodile? Permission has now been given for such beasts to be exported from Australia's Northern Territory, and the people there say you are welcome to them.

The salt-water or estuarine crocodile is a fearsome monster,

sometimes growing to an enormous size—one 33 feet in length has been recorded—and they are prone to attack human beings.

Sea-going creatures, they swim between the coasts and the islands of the Northern Territory, and may even roam as far away as New Guinea.



There must be a point to it

"Why must I have the job?" asks Clancy a basset hound of Ohio. "Safeguard against rabies, you say. Ah well, I get the point."

After lights out

In a boarding school at Frunze, in the Russian republic of Kirgizia, the youngsters quietly told each other stories after lights out.

One night a new boy, 12-year-old Zhanybek Musukeev, astonished them all by sitting up in bed and singing a long folk song about a legendary hero of his people, a warrior named Manas who once united the Kirghiz tribes scattered by invasion and led them to victory.

The song had been handed down from ancient tribal bards of centuries ago and he had learned it all by heart soon after he could read.

Teachers came to the dormitory to listen and, instead of getting into trouble, Zhanybek was asked to sing the epic at a number of concerts.

HAIL GUN

An air-gun for testing roofing materials has been developed in South Africa. Hailstones as big as tennis balls sometimes fall there and the machine shoots artificial hail at velocities up to 100 miles an hour. Roofing which stands up to this is judged good enough.

Baby on the shore

A baby porpoise was found stranded on the beach at Durban, South Africa, and was taken to an aquarium. Soon afterwards the mother porpoise swam into the shallow water looking for it. Bathers tried to drive her out to sea, but she showed no fear of them and struggled ashore. So she, too, was taken to the aquarium and was soon splashing about delightedly in the same tank as her baby.

The Aborigine's oil painting

An uncompleted oil painting that was thrown away in disgust by the artist has turned up at Darwin, Australia, and may be worth thousands of pounds. The picture, a landscape, is believed to be the only attempt at oil painting by the Aborigine, Albert Namatjira, the first of his race to become a celebrated artist. All his known work is in water colours.

Albert Namatjira, who died three years ago, knew nothing whatever about art until he took his team of camels to work for two white artists who were touring in search of fresh subjects. Albert was fascinated to watch them at work, and one of them, Mr. Rex Batterbee, promised to send him some paints and brushes.

When these arrived at Albert's lonely home in the bush, he eagerly set up his canvas. But he was bitterly disappointed, the result was a muddle of meaningless colours.

Later, however, Mr. Batterbee returned and taught him how to draw. Within two weeks Albert had progressed from crayons to water colours, and shortly afterwards his work was astonishing visitors to a Melbourne gallery.

'ALLO, 'ALLO!

The French as a nation seem to be rather telephone-shy. Complaining about the backwardness of their system, a French economist has just pointed out that between 1950 and 1960 only 750,000 new telephones were installed, against 1,780,000 during the same period in Britain, 1,800,000 in West Germany, and over 2,000,000 in Italy.

GENIUS HUNT

A search for boys and girls of "near-genius" intelligence has been made in the Canterbury province of New Zealand. From 13,000 children, 366 were selected for closer examination, and of these 12 were chosen as being of quite outstanding intelligence.

A similar search will be made in other parts of the Dominion. The idea is to group the near-geniuses together in a special class where they will have more scope for their abilities. "If we want to develop as a nation," says one of the organisers, "we must develop the resources of our most clever children to the greatest possible extent."

Wolf-hunt by helicopter

Hunters are hoping that they have killed the last two of the wolves which have been preying on reindeer and elks in the Kola Peninsula of Russia's Arctic north. The hunters used planes and helicopters and shot the animals from the air. Experts estimate that the two wolves between them were eating well over three tons of reindeer and elk meat a year.

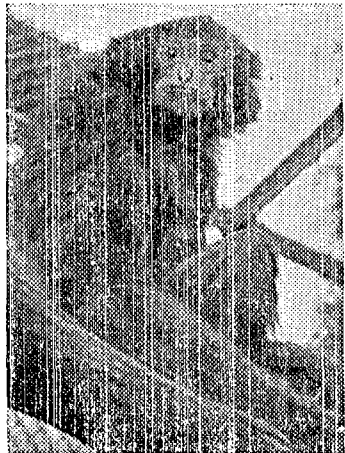
Budding artists in Budapest

A roadway was closed and used as a drawing-board the other week when a drawing competition for children was organised in Budapest, capital of Hungary.



Sociable Sam from Hong Kong

AN amusing newcomer at the London Zoo is Sam, a young Siamang gibbon, just arrived by air from Hong Kong. He comes as a gift from a merchant seaman.



"Sam is unusually gentle and intelligent," said a Zoo official. "He will probably go on exhibition shortly in a cage by himself. He is rather too young to join our gibbon colony in the outdoor gibbons' cage, where the animals are all mature and might bully a smaller specimen, especially one which is so tame."

"Sam, who wears a soft silky black coat, could quite well become a Zoo 'star.' He can be petted safely, but he is also a clever athlete, and has a big voice for so small an animal. Later, his is likely to become one of the most powerful voices in the gardens, for when adult these animals draw air into a cavity in the throat and blow it out again with a blood-curdling whoop."

Water-snake babies

OVER in the reptile section are a pair of broad-headed water-snakes which arrived a few months ago from Malaya. They have already produced a brood of six babies. They were all born alive in the water, and not produced from eggs. They measured nine inches each, compared with the parents which are three feet long.

"The job now will be to get these babies to feed," Overseer R. A. Lanworn told me. "The parent water-snakes are given fish, but the newborn infants at present are too small for such food. We are getting supplies of earthworms and tadpoles for them, and, if they do not feed naturally, we may be able to hand-feed them with some gentle persuasion. This should not be too difficult as the species is fortunately non-venomous, so the babies can be safely picked up."

"These water-snake babies are the first of their kind to be bred here for many years, although the species is in fact quite common in Malaya," Mr. Lanworn added. "As a matter of fact these water-snakes are so numerous in some areas there that they cause fishermen a lot of trouble by damaging their nets."

ZOO SWAP

The Sheik of Bahrein is giving two camels from his pedigree herd as a gift to the Dudley Zoo; the Zoo is sending the Sheik a pair of South American macaws for his palace aviary.

Collecting expedition by the XYZ Club

FORTY-FIVE enthusiastic members of the London Zoo's celebrated XYZ Club (for Exceptional Young Zoologists) took part recently in a collecting expedition in the Godstone district of Surrey. Led by the overseer of the London Zoo's insect section, the

party returned with a big catch, including water-bugs, water-beetles, long-horned grasshoppers, toads, frogs, and grass snakes. Many butterfly and moth larvae which the Zoo is hoping to hatch out shortly were also found by the young zoologists. CRAVEN HILL

TALKING PARAKEET

AN interesting chick has been hatched at the parrot house. This is a Queen Alexandra's parakeet from South Australia, and its parents, grey-and-pink plumaged birds, are the only representatives of their kind in the gardens.

WHO'S WHO AT THE ZOO

This particular variety of parakeet is one of the few which can be taught to use human speech—if lessons begin early enough in the bird's life.

"With the hatching of this youngster we now have a good chance of getting a talking parakeet, which is seldom met with in any zoo," said an official. "Its training requires an immense amount of patience."

"The best way is for the keeper to greet the bird each day, when cage-cleaning, with a simple word of one syllable uttered slowly and clearly. As a rule it will not be long before the youngster begins to try to imitate the man. And if it learns a few words and phrases its entertainment value—and its market worth—are much bigger."

Are YOU a Top Teen?

Will you be MASTER or MISS THERM?

MR. THERM announces a GRAND COMPETITION to award this title and a prize of £100 in Premium Bonds to the boy and girl that he thinks best deserve it. He is looking for someone who can be trusted to "take over" in an emergency at home. The winners will be resourceful, practical, cheerful people; able to cook a simple meal, to spend money sensibly on clothes and things for the home; people with ideas about furnishing a room of their own—in fact, generally full of common sense. Could you cope if Mum had to spend a few days in bed? Why not have a go! There are 1500 prizes in all being offered, and special prizes to any youth clubs to which the winners may belong.

This competition is open to all young people living in England, Scotland and Wales who will be under 17 years of age on 29th September, 1962.



Issued by the Gas Council



OVER 1500 PRIZES

* PRIZES FOR THE BEST COMPETITORS RANGE FROM £1 TO £100. ALL PRIZES CONSIST OF PREMIUM BONDS.

Who are the Mystery Winners?

The competition is in three stages:

1. Qualifying Round. (Competitors have to answer some simple questions on home running.)
2. Area Final.
3. Grand Final (in London on 3rd January, 1963).

Fill in the coupon for your entry form NOW!

MR. THERM'S COMPETITION (CN)

Please complete this form in block capitals, taking great care to put your full address, Christian and surname. Send it to Master/Miss Therm Competition, 5 Dryden Street, London, W.C.99.

NAME (Master/Miss).....
ADDRESS.....

AGE..... DATE OF BIRTH.....

MY AREA GAS BOARD IS.....

Address this label to yourself in block capitals:

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

Closing date: 29th September, 1962.



MAKE IT A DATE

29th July, 1588

HOW THE GRE

SC



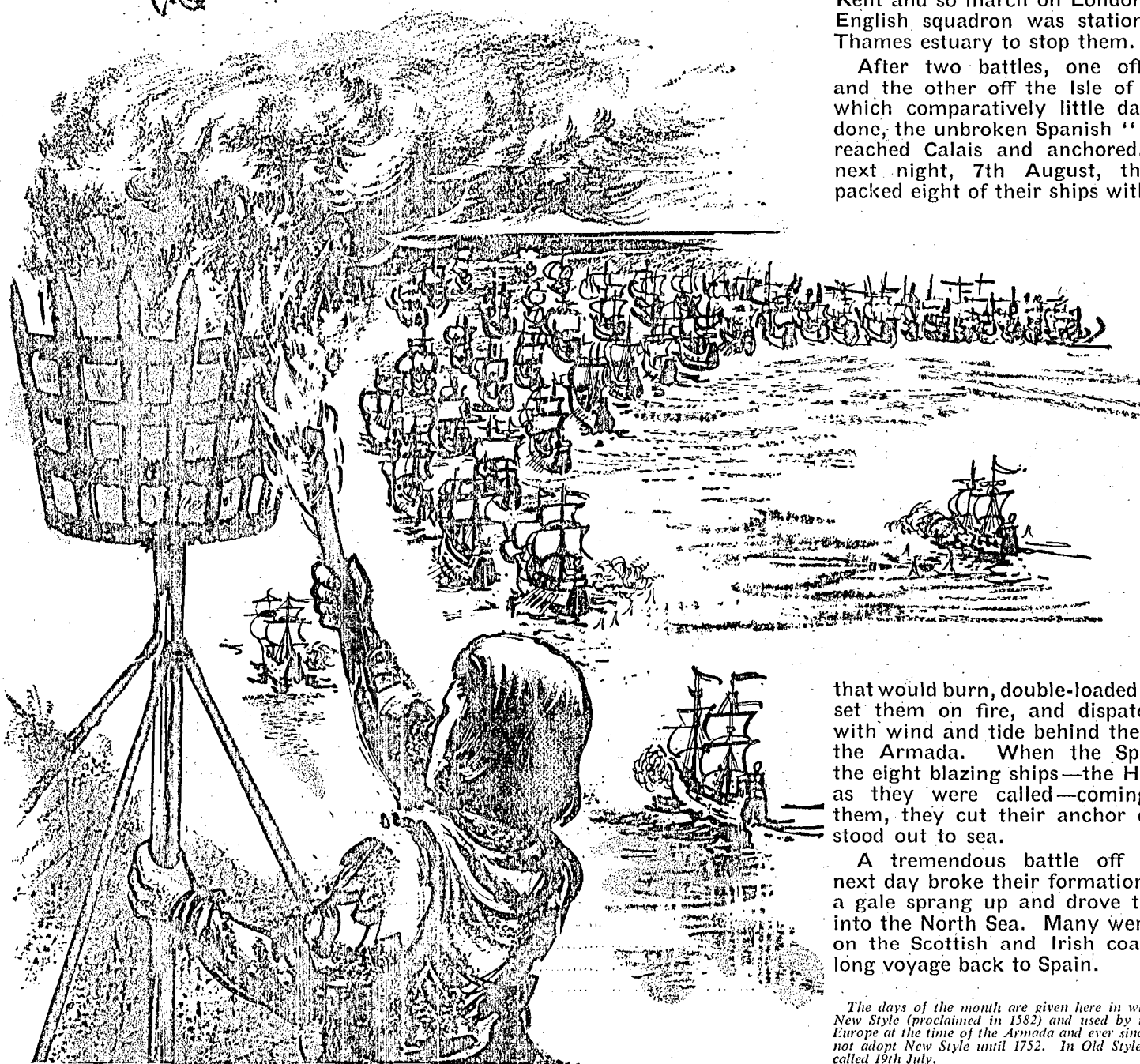
On 29th July, 1588 the Armada, the great Spanish fleet prepared by Philip II of Spain for the conquest of England, was sighted off the Cornish coast. An awe-inspiring sight, about 130 ships crowded with guns and men, it sailed slowly up the Channel in a crescent formation.

Immediately the system of early warning by beacons on headlands and hill-tops throughout the country went into action. And one of the screen of fast English ships watching the entrance to the Channel crowded on all sail for Plymouth where half the English fleet lay, ready for sea.

According to the famous story, Drake, commander of the western squadron, was playing bowls with his captains when the news reached him. He had to wait for the tide to get his ships out of harbour so there was time to finish the game.

The Spaniards' object was to reach the Straits of Dover and then escort a Spanish army from the Netherlands to Kent and so march on London. Another English squadron was stationed in the Thames estuary to stop them.

After two battles, one off Portland and the other off the Isle of Wight, in which comparatively little damage was done, the unbroken Spanish "crescent" reached Calais and anchored. On the next night, 7th August, the English packed eight of their ships with anything



that would burn, double-loaded their guns, set them on fire, and dispatched them with wind and tide behind them towards the Armada. When the Spanish saw the eight blazing ships—the Hellburners, as they were called—coming towards them, they cut their anchor cables and stood out to sea.

A tremendous battle off Gravelines next day broke their formation and then a gale sprang up and drove them away into the North Sea. Many were wrecked on the Scottish and Irish coasts on the long voyage back to Spain.

The days of the month are given here in what is known as New Style (proclaimed in 1582) and used by most of western Europe at the time of the Armada and ever since. England did not adopt New Style until 1752. In Old Style, 29th July was called 19th July.

AT ARMADA WAS ATTERED TO THE WINDS





by Ernest Thomson

Twist on a tight-rope

GYPSE and Josette, two French teenage cousins, are believed to be the only girls in the world doing the Twist on a tight-rope. You can see them in a Paris Circus show on BBC junior TV on August Bank Holiday, called *Cirque de Paris*. You can also see the Martellis Trio, who begin with a ballet sequence, but soon the men are throwing their companion around like a sack of potatoes, and then forget to catch her. Watch out, too, for the Charlivels—three jazz-minded brothers who do acrobatics on the down beat.

BILK'S BACK



ACKER (*Stranger on the Shore*) BILK brings his Paramount Jazz Band to the BBC screens this Wednesday for *Like Jazz*, the first of a series of traditional jazz programmes introduced by Alan Dell. Chris Barber fills the same 15-minute spot next Wednesday (8th August), and Acker will be back the week after.

Station G3PVS calling



David Hawkins (15) of Sheerwater, Surrey, has his own radio transmitting station, call sign G3PVS, from which he can contact radio "hams" in various parts of the world. David is here tuning in a station for his 13-year-old sister Janet.

BUSY ON THE BEACH



Barbara Brown

Jobs for next century

MANY teenagers leaving school in 1962 will still be at work in A.D. 2000 and after. Producer Francis Coleman had this in mind when planning *I Am Going To Be . . . ?* the new careers series on ATV at 6.15 p.m. on Wednesdays. "We've had to think of jobs that will still be needed in the 21st century," he said.

This Wednesday's programme covers jobs with animals—from running a pets' corner in a children's zoo to becoming a veterinary surgeon.

WHILE OTHERS SLEEP

THE world's work goes on all round the clock. To prove it, a number of girls from North of England youth clubs spent a night touring Newcastle to see for themselves what goes on when most people are asleep. In BBC junior radio next Saturday you can hear recordings they made in the small hours at a police station, a railway station, a newspaper office, and several other places where work never seems to stop.

STAGING a comeback to children's TV next week is tall, wavy-haired Nevil Whiting, star of the famous *Biggles* series. Nevil steps in as singing compere of *Holiday Music*, a six-weeks' series of "seaside" shows to replace *Stop-Look-Listen*, which ends on Friday. *Holiday Music* begins on 10th August.



Nevil Whiting

Sharing the compere role will be fair-haired Barbara Brown. Both are currently appearing in *The Sound of Music* in London's West End. Barbara, by the way, was picked for the Peter Rabbit part in the junior gramophone records of the Beatrix Potter stories.

Every week a well-known beach personality will be taking part in the show—Percy Press, the Punch and Judy King, appears in the first programme. Minstrels, beach buskers, a donkey man, and perhaps an artist in sand-modelling will be seen in later shows. Resident instrumental group will be the Ted Taylor Four, and each week there will be a viewers' competition with prizes.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT

One glance at the Top Ten will show you that, more often than not, it's the unusual song which catches the ear; something that's a bit different.

An example is Frank Ifield, a young man who came from Australia a few years ago with a big reputation. He has a good voice, he found a couple of pleasant, if unspectacular songs, and he recorded them. But they never became hits.

Now Frank has taken a very old song, *I Remember You* (Columbia 45-DB4856) and given it a different treatment. Some people might think the song should have been left as it was.

But Frank's new approach has caught on, and he is soaring in the hit parade.

OTHER NEW DISCS

Johnny's Tune (Fontana 267232TF. Single) is the theme from "Some People," the new film all about young people in Bristol. Ron Grainer composed it and it is his orchestra we hear on this disc.

Comedian Ken Dodd (the man with the wild hair) has had a great deal of success with his singing of ballads. He has just joined the

Jonquil Antony's Column



★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

THIS morning we all got dressed, but did any of us think for a moment just how the clothes we were putting on were made? This week's picture is of some girls sketching a spinning-wheel. In the 18th century it's likely that you yourself, and your mother, and your aunts—and quite certainly your grandmother—would have been busy working on a wheel like this, spinning the wool for your own clothes, or for other people's. Perhaps you'd have looked out of the window at the fields and seen the very sheep that the wool came from.

The girls in the picture are visiting an interesting little museum at Oxhey House, near Northwood in Middlesex. The collection is of things made of

wood. It is called "Wooden Bygones," and it really is worth seeing.



PAULINE RIVERS, of Winchester, wants to know how to wash gloves. She thinks that when you dress up, gloves make a great difference to your outfit.

Pauline is quite right. Sparkling white gloves, for example, with a dark dress or suit are very smart. But there's no doubt that white gloves are a bore—they get dirty in two ticks.

If you want to wash them (you should really wash them every time you put them away) do it this way. Keep the gloves on, and wash your hands in soapy



on RECORD



Frank Ifield

water. A good tip is to use a liquid shampoo as it keeps the gloves so soft. And the water mustn't be too hot, or the gloves will shrink.

When you have washed the gloves, take them off, rinse them gently, and roll them in a towel. Then put them on your hands again, take them off once more, blow into them, and dry them flat in the airing-cupboard.



HERE's an exciting recipe! It's called "Lemon Sponge Pudding."

You need one and a half ounces of sugar, half an ounce of gelatine, half a pint of water, the white of an egg, and a lemon.

Put the water, the gelatine, and the sugar into a saucepan with the thinly-pared rind of the lemon and stir over a gentle heat until the sugar dissolves. Then add the lemon juice. Let it boil, simmer for three or four minutes, take it off and strain it, and let it get cold. Whisk up the white of the egg until it's stiff, add the mixture to it, go on whisking again until it's thick, and then pour it into a wetted mould. When it's set, it will come out looking very attractive, and if you really want to go to town on it, decorate it with some cherries.

Archie, the schoolboy detective, lays a deep dark plot to catch the thief!

Archie, who has ambitions of one day becoming a police photographer, is cameraman of his school's film unit. The unit has entered for a film-making competition when the camera disappears—and Archie suspects that Mr. Cartwright, the master in charge of the production, is the thief.

In the middle of Archie's masterly handling of clues (and fingerprint powder) the missing camera turns up, clearing Mr. Cartwright of all suspicion. But the mystery remains as to who took it—and was the theft intended to spoil the school's chances in the competition?

5. Screws and string

It was good to have the original camera back in his hands again. Archie set it up on the tripod, and checked it thoroughly to make sure nothing was wrong with it. He wound it, and pressed the button for a split second to ensure the motor was running smoothly, then removed the protective caps from the three lenses and examined the gleaming glass surfaces for dust. If only they could win, and buy one like this for the school out of the prize money! Then they could make films all the year round, and enter for other competitions as well.

"Day-dreaming, Archie?" Mr. Cartwright asked.

"Sorry, sir." Archie came out of his trance. "Are we all ready?"

Carty beckoned everybody round him in a circle. "Now this afternoon's shots are the ones in which we show that Mitch can't play cricket."

"Please, sir, I've lost track of the whole story." This came from Phil Moseley. "I had no idea we'd be making this film in bits and pieces. I thought we'd be shooting it in the order of the script."

Carty explains

"Most people think that, until they've tried to make a film," Carty held up his script. "But it would be a very slow way. What we've done is to group together all the shots which have the same location, no matter what order they come in the script. Last week, in the bad weather, we did all our indoor shooting, you remember. Well, part of that was material for the beginning of the film—where Mitch arrives at the school, and starts boasting about how good he is at everything. Another bit is for the scenes near the end, when it's proved he can't do maths. What we're shooting this afternoon is the cricket sequence, out here on the pitch, plus the conversation in which he boasts to Phil about his father being the director of a big catering firm. Tomorrow we do the final shots—the football sequence and the bit about the ice-cream cart."

Phil frowned. "The film ends with the ice-cream cart. Is that right?"

"Yes." Carty grinned. "And I've got a wonderful set of Italian ice-cream man's moustaches for me to wear as Mitch's father, the great catering director, when he arrives pushing the cart. Right, everybody! Mitch, got your pads on? Gloves? Bat? Then get into position. Phil, we'll start with a shot of you bowling, and cut as the ball leaves your hand."

Archie lined up the camera on Phil, and shot the brisk run up, stopping the camera just as the ball shot away down the pitch. Then he swung the camera on to Mitch. Phil went back and bowled again, and Archie began shooting just at the same point in the action, so that he had Mitch's

lunatic company provided by Bonkers, who seemed determined to make up for the fact that Archie had devoted so little time to him in the past few days. Huge, shaggy, breathing heavily, he leaped into Archie's lap and sat there as if pretending he was a mere pekinese.

"What-do-you . . . ?" Mitch began vaguely.

"Little screw-in things like hooks but with the ends joined to make complete circles."

"Eh?"

"Forget it." Impatiently Archie opened the drawer himself. "I'll look myself." The drawer was

dismay. "Oh, crumbs, Archie, does he have to come?"

"He does what he likes," said Archie weakly. "Quick, if we're going to reach the school before the doors are closed."

"Are you nuts? They were closed hours ago."

"Not on Tuesdays and Thursdays. They use the rooms for evening classes."

Mitch sighed. "All right, so what?"

Archie was running now. "If I stop to tell you," he panted, "we'll be too late."

They raced up the short driveway. Archie gave an exhausted gasp of relief when he saw that the main doors were still open. He ran inside, and waved to the others to follow him. Once across the wide hallway, he turned left, down the passage past the classroom towards the storeroom. He halted at the door, and rattled it, then looked back despairingly.

"It's locked!" he exclaimed. "That mucks up everything."

Key on a hook

But Sammy had caught up again, and was pointing to a key on a hook beside it.

"It's only locked because the door swings open," he said. "There are dozens of keys besides this one. The janitor gave me one when we started storing our scenery in here, but there always seems to be one hanging on this hook. What is it in the storeroom you want?" He turned the key and let the door swing open.

Archie brushed past him. "Quick—otherwise they'll close the front door and we'll have to get out by a window again! Sammy, you're in charge of continuity. Where did you put the handcart after you'd finished painting it—ready for the final scenes tomorrow?"

Sammy shifted a big scenic "flat" on which was still painted a group of palm trees from the last production by the school drama group. Behind it was an old GPO mail cart—a huge square basket perched on big wheels on a slender frame with handles sticking out. The bright red post office paint had been covered over with a layer of primrose yellow, and on each side had been painted, "O'HARA'S RICH CREAM ICES." It was the most vital item of "props" in the whole film; it had taken weeks to find a suitable handcart, days to repair it and paint it for the final comedy scene.

"Right! Where's the string?"

Mitch is stubborn

At this point Mitch dug his toes in. "I'm not doing anything else," he said stubbornly, "until you stop for a moment and tell me what all this is about."

"It's all about the stolen camera." Archie held out his hand for the string.

Mitch looked more puzzled than ever. "But how? Why are we doing this?"

"Because the camera's back, you idiot! Now do you see?"

"No, I don't!" Mitch burst out angrily, "and I don't believe you do either. You've gone off your teeny weeny nut, chum. Good-night!"

"Hey, wait a minute! You've got the screw things!" Archie grabbed the ball of string from Sammy's outstretched hand, undid one end, and tied it, not very

Continued on page 11

MYSTERY FOR ARCHIE

by
Robert Bateman

look of alarm, then the wild swipe which missed the ball by inches.

"Okay, Archie? Or do you want a retake?"

"That was fine," he said. The remainder of the shooting was fine, too. It was one of those lucky afternoons, so rare in film-making, when the sun stays bright, there are no sudden clouds obscuring it and changing the light in the middle of a shot, no rain, no sudden gusts of wind to blow scripts away.

Archie folded up the tripod, put the precious camera back into its case, and took them indoors. He handed the camera to Carty, who glanced for a split second at the staff room cupboard. Archie quickly shook his head.

Taking no chances

"But it won't disappear again, Archie!" Carty said. "The thief wouldn't take it; return it, and then pinch it a second time, surely? That doesn't make sense."

"Let's not take any chances, sir," Archie said. Seeing the indecision in Carty's face, he added, "Don't forget it belongs to Mr. Jarvis, one of the school governors."

That clinched it. Archie grinned as Carty walked away with the camera slung over his shoulder. Then he went to look for Sammy. He found him rinsing paint brushes in a tin of murky brown liquid.

"Is the cart finished?" he asked.

"All finished," Sammy said. "It's quick-drying paint, so we've nothing to worry about."

"Then I'll see you at seven-thirty, sharp. Don't forget. Remind Mitch when you see him."

Archie went home and sat down. He felt tired. He supposed Sherlock Holmes had often felt tired, too, and so had Sexton Blake, Maigret, and all the other great detectives over the ages. That was the trouble about brain-work. He kicked his shoes off, and wiggled his toes. One big toe suddenly emerged through a ragged hole in his sock. He supposed Sherlock Holmes and the others occasionally had holes in their socks, and occasionally wiggled their toes, too, when they had tired feet.

Firm plan

Everything depended upon tonight. The plan, when he'd put it to Sergeant Nokes, had still been a very flabby and indefinite one, but now it was taking a firmer shape in his mind.

Teatime made it firmer, still. Poached eggs, followed by large slices of cream cake, seemed to stimulate accurate thinking. He wasn't tired any more either. He wanted to get on with it.

The time dragged until seven-thirty, and he was glad of the

The door bell rang. Archie heaved the enormous weight off his lap and went into the hall.

Mitch stamped in as if he'd been building himself into a bad temper in advance.

"I'm sick of listening to you talking in riddles," he announced bluntly. "Sick right down to my toenails—so let's have some explanations before we go any farther."

"Wait until Sammy arrives," said Archie soothingly. "I don't want to have to go through the whole thing twice, once for you and once for him."

Mitch breathed at him, heavily, but was silent. From outside came the sound of Sammy's approaching footsteps, and Mitch flung open the door.

"Right," he said, "now that he's here, go ahead."

String for Sammy

But Archie was already across the hall, at the foot of the stairs. He beckoned them. "Come on! Up to my room." Two stairs at a time, he led the way. Already his mind had raced away from explanations to the practical problems of setting his trap. He hustled Mitch and Sammy across the landing into his bedroom,



"Here's the string, Archie." Mitch's eyes were wide open now.

then closed the door. "Here, Sammy, stick this in your pocket!" To the startled Sammy he held out a ball of thin string. "Mitch, look in that drawer—the one beside the bed—and see if you can find a packet of those what-do-you-call-ems."

new game about to begin. As Mitch and Sammy slipped out, Archie made a hopeless attempt to keep Bonkers back, but the huge ungainly dog wriggled between his legs and away down the steps into the road.

Mitch looked at Bonkers in

88 WORLD WIDE STAMPS

INCLUDING GIANTS FROM 3d. plus 3d. postage

★ NEW COLLECTION of 88 diff. stamps including 10 RUSSIA with Sports set and giant size. Also Aden, Sarawak, Borneo, Cuba, Ghana, Congo and other unusual countries.

★ SUPER OFFER to new members of the Sterling Stamp Club—(admission free—many advantages). Just send 3d. plus 3d. postage (one 6d. or two 3d. stamps) and ask to see a selection of our popular Sterling Approvals.

(Please tell your parents.)

STERLING STAMP SERVICE
(Dept. C.N.67), LANCING, SUSSEX

RUSSIA



STAMP PACKETS OF QUALITY

(All Different)

250 Brit. Empire 10/-	100 Australia 5/-
250 Whole World 4/3	50 South Africa 3/-
100 Great Britain 10/-	100 Canada 6/-
(All Obsolete) 10/-	7 Brunel 1/3
50 As above 2/3	10 Ascension 3/3
25 Finland 1/-	10 Mozambique 1/3
25 Sweden 1/-	10 North Borneo 2/6
100 China 1/9	25 Paraguay 2/3
100 Hungary 2/-	100 Italy 2/3
25 Norway 1/-	100 France 2/3
100 Russia 6/6	50 Japan 2/3
25 Hitler Heads 1/3	50 Eire 2/-
250 Germany 3/3	25 Ecuador 1/9
10 Saudi Arabia 2/-	25 Guatemala 2/-

Orders under 5/- postage 3d. extra.

Our new 8-Page Illustrated List commences with set No. 225—check that you have the latest edition, a copy of which is available upon request.

J. A. L. FRANKS LTD. (Dept. C.N.)
140 Fetter Lane, London, E.C.4

OLYMPICS SET!

Ice-hockey, ski-jumping, speed-skating, brightly coloured giant size stamps from Hungary, plus Hyderabad Victory Commemorative. FREE to Approval applicants, 6d. postage. Please tell your parents.

PERCY FORD (DEPT. C)
44 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

WORLD OF STAMPS

First Day Covers

WHEN stamp-collecting first became popular, 80 or 90 years ago, collectors showed little interest in such things as postmarks or complete envelopes. Their albums contained spaces specially printed for every stamp issued, so that when a collector came upon an envelope bearing a stamp, he quickly soaked it off—even tore it off—and put the stamp into the proper space in his album.

Now that many collectors use albums with blank pages, it is easy to add postmarks or complete envelopes to a collection.

One popular item in most modern collections is the First Day Cover, an envelope bearing new stamps posted on the first day of their issue.

Post Offices in many countries go to great trouble to ensure that First Day Covers may be obtained by collectors. In the United States, for instance, full instructions are announced several weeks before each new issue. The Post Office then arranges to have these covers franked with the new stamps and posted on the first day of issue. Sometimes as many as

750,000 First Day Covers are serviced when a new American stamp appears.

Pictured here is the design which was printed on a First Day Cover from Cuba. The stamps on the cover were a series of three issued on 1st May, which was the "Día del Trabajo," or "Day of the Worker." The Spanish words under the design, "Primer Día," simply mean "First Day."

A CN reader, David Swanston of Eccles, Manchester, has sent us a very interesting First Day Cover from his collection. It was



used on 21st August, 1957, when Australia issued a special 7d. blue stamp in honour of the Flying Doctor Service.

The cover has been autographed by two of the pilots who fly aircraft for the Service and also by the artist who designed the cover.

Postal conference



THIS autumn, as in previous years, many European countries will be issuing stamps to mark the annual meeting of the Conference of European Postal and Telecommunications authorities. The design of most of the stamps will be similar to that of the Iceland issue pictured here. It shows a tree with 19 leaves, one for each country represented at the Conference. We do not yet know if the GPO will issue special stamps.

C. W. HILL

CUT-OUT AND SEND WITH 3d. STAMP AND ENVELOPE ADDRESSED TO YOURSELF

12 OLYMPIC & SPORTS

33 ANIMALS & BIRDS

133 WHOLE WORLD

9 TRIANGULAR STAMPS

33 QUEEN ELIZABETH STAMP ALBUM

Just put a cross by the gift you would like and it will be sent ABSOLUTELY FREE OF CHARGE together with Approvals. (We can only afford to give one free gift per person but additional items can be purchased at 6d. each or 3/- the lot. Money back guarantee.) Please tell your parents.

BRIDGORTH STAMP CO., LTD.
(Dept. M.50), BRIDGORTH

100 Different Stamps FREE!

Plus Super Perforation Gauge to all applicants asking to see my famous 1d. upwards Approvals. British Colonial or Foreign. Don't delay, write today enclosing 4d. in stamps for postage. Please tell your parents.

C. T. BUSH (CN11),
53 Newlyn Way, Parkstone, Poole, Dorset

THE FAMOUS PENNY BLACK and CAPE TRIANGULAR FACSIMILES, and OVER 200 stamps

all FREE!

The 1840 British "Penny Black" is valued £23 unused. The 1853 Cape of Good Hope "Penny Red Triangular" is valued £17 upwards mint. Few collectors can afford originals of these rare British Empire classics but we will send you exact colour facsimiles of these two valuable stamps ABSOLUTELY FREE, plus over 200 unsorted foreign stamps. Just ask to see our new Special Approvals, postage 3d. Please tell your parents.

PHILATELIC SERVICES (Dept. CN6), Eastington, Gooles, Yorks.

IT IS MOST IMPORTANT that you print your full name and address clearly when replying to advertisements. Also please make sure that you send your reply to the address in the advertisement.

200 STAMPS PLUS 2 FROM RUSSIA 200

★ FREE! ★
To all who request Discount Approvals. Send 5d. to cover postage. Please tell your parents.

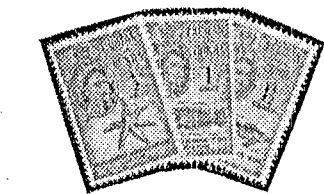
BAYONA STAMP CO. (Dept. CN),
201 LONDON RD., LEWIS GREEN,
NORTHWICH, CHESHIRE, ENGLAND



We shall send you—quite FREE OF CHARGE TWO VALUABLE VICTORY SETS COMPLETE—if you request our superb selection of 1000 TOP GRADE STAMPS, sent on approval in a box at only 2d. EACH!!

BRITISH COLONIALS—FOREIGN—NEW ISSUES. Write NOW! Enclose 3d. stamped envelope please to:

REMBRANDT PHILATELICS (Dept. TS)
2 Newtown Road, Woolston, Soton., Hants.
(Parents' approval essential if under 16)



FREE! TRISTAN DA CUNHA

to all stamp collectors who send for a selection of stamps on Approval, please enclose 6d. for postage. Please tell your parents.

Name
Address

AVON STAMPS (CN18) Nth. WALSHAM, NORFOLK

A jersey for Dad?
A jacket for Mum?
A teenage sweater?

For the finest range of easy knitting designs be sure to ask for

BESTWAY KNITTING PATTERNS

6d. each from newsagents and woolshops

TAKE A LOOK AT NATURE

Mammal Puzzle

NEARLY any small mammal with brownish fur is often referred to as a "mouse." But it should be remembered that in Britain we have many furry little creatures which are not mice at all. The most easily confused are the voles, and next come the shrews which are not even rodents—let alone mice.

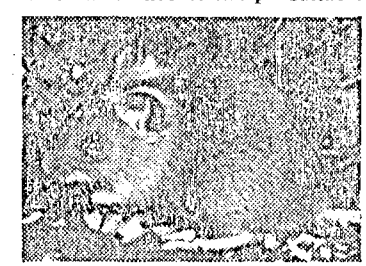
Paddy and Jane caught a common shrew the other day, and when I told them that it was neither a rodent nor a mouse, but was an insect-eater, they wanted to know more about this sort of confusion. I told them that if they wanted to sort out all these little animals they would have to look at any they found carefully. And they must pay particular attention to such creatures' teeth.

Jane wanted to know why, if shrews are not mice, some books referred to them as *shrew-mice*. I had to tell her that this was an old country name for shrews and the books she had read were wrong.

In my private collection I have many skulls of mice, voles and

shrews, and I selected some of these and showed my young friends how all rodents had very prominent front teeth (incisors). These teeth are for gnawing, and are long and sharp at the tips—rather like tiny chisels.

Then I made them look at the teeth of shrews, and pointed out that they were more even and were also needle-sharp—suitable



Wood mouse John Markham

for holding and chewing worms and the insects on which shrews mostly feed.

Of course, teeth are not the only features that distinguish insect-eaters from rodents. The shape of the head, and the kind of tail must also be examined.

with MAXWELL KNIGHT

True mice have somewhat pointed snouts and long tails while voles have blunt snouts and usually, shorter tails. Paddy at once said that shrews had pointed snouts. "Yes," I replied, "but they have long flexible noses, much longer than those of mice; they also have shorter, velvety fur."

Jane—not to be outdone in questioning—said: "What about water-rats," and she seemed puzzled when I told her that what were so often called water-rats were not rats at all, but voles. They have blunt snouts, and their tails are not so long as those of mice.

Country name

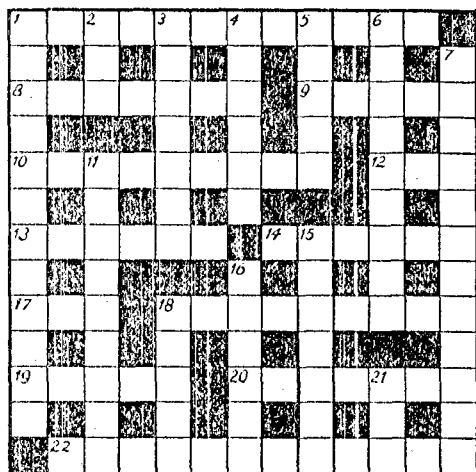
"Why are they so often called water-rats, then?" was the next query.

"Another country name," I replied; and I went on to say that would-be naturalists should not heed what people who have never studied the subject say. The best plan is to read good books, by knowledgeable authors.

Such a book is an excellent little volume *A Beast Book For the Pocket* by Edmund Sandars (Oxford University Press, 18s.)

PLEASURE PARADE

by
Guy Williams



Crossword puzzle

READING ACROSS. 1 December 25th (two words, 9, 3). 8 Make believe. 9 Proportion. 10 Horrible dream. 12 Groove. 13 Pays out. 14 Fame. 17 Container for liquid, usually with a tap. 18 World-famous temple in Athens. 19 Avoid. 20 Capital of the American State of Georgia. 22 Unsettled state of mind or body.

READING DOWN. 1 These go together at tea time (three words : 3, 3, 6). 2 Regret. 3 Perfumed. 4 State, and its capital, of India. 5 Lively frolic. 6 Every day it follows the morning. 7 They live in Europe. 11 Small plum. 15 Breathes out. 16 Devise or invent. 18 Crease. 21 Placed before a married woman's maiden name.

Answer below

Cathedral from the stars

The stars between the rows of letters represent the letters in the name of a city where a great cathedral has been rebuilt recently. If you remember its name correctly, you will find that, when read downwards, eight three-letter words have been formed.

A T I P E S A E
* * * * *
E N Y G D Y M E

You'll need the answer to get the answer

My first's not in hasten, but you'll find it in stop,
My second's in dash, but it isn't in drop,
My third's not in injures, but you'll find it in hurts,
My fourth's not in trousers, but it's always in skirts,
My fifth is in leg, but it isn't in collar,
My sixth is in shilling but never in dollar,
My seventh is in ice, and it's also in cream,
My eighth is in nightmare, as well as in dream.
The answer to this puzzle you can work out, not guess;
It's the name of a quality we all should possess!

WHEN TAN WENT RATting

TAN was an obedient and intelligent brown terrier. He listened happily when his master Paul, or Paul's parents talked to him, learning a great deal from the tones of their voices.

One evening one of the villagers asked Paul to take her dog Towser for a walk with Tan.

The two kept well to heel along the road, but Paul did not guess that trouble was brewing as the two talked together with many a glance, and twitch of whisker, and wag of tail.

Presently, on the common where they could run freely, Paul stopped to pick honeysuckle for Mummy. Next moment the dogs had disappeared.

He called in vain. For Towser

had at last persuaded Tan to come across country to hunt rats on a poultry farm. Even now Tan wanted to obey Paul's shouts, but Towser dissuaded him, saying that he knew the way back.

He certainly did, for he returned to his home safely later. But he had started back alone, when Tan's head was too far down a rat hole to hear his warning bark about the poultry farmer coming.

This angry man, misunderstanding, and thinking of his chickens, tried to seize Tan, but he raced off. Alas, in the wrong direction.

By nightfall, completely lost, he arrived at a lonely cottage, and barked despairingly at the door.

No-one could have been kinder than that cottage family to Tan. But they were foreign refugees, and the sound of their voices as they talked in their own language to him and to one another, completely puzzled Tan.

Bewildered and miserable, he just could not eat or drink.

Next evening when Paul's family, traced through the address on Tan's collar, came to fetch him home, the blessed sound of their familiar voices, as much as the sight of them, set penitent Tan barking for joy.

JANE THORNICROFT

A CITY BY NUMBERS

Can you, from the clues given, find the name of a great city, in Britain, where especial interest is taken in the Fine Arts? The numbers indicate the position of the letters in the answer.

A small carpet is sometimes called a 768.

57341 is water mixed with salt.

7621 is anything but polite.

965, is at the centre of a wheel.

FIND THE VEGETABLES

Each sentence contains the name of a well-known vegetable. Can you find all six?

He will be a nuisance if he isn't trained.

I hope a letter comes tomorrow.

We are taking our car. Rotterdam will be our first stop.

Put an extra dish in the oven. Come away from that dangerous spot at once!

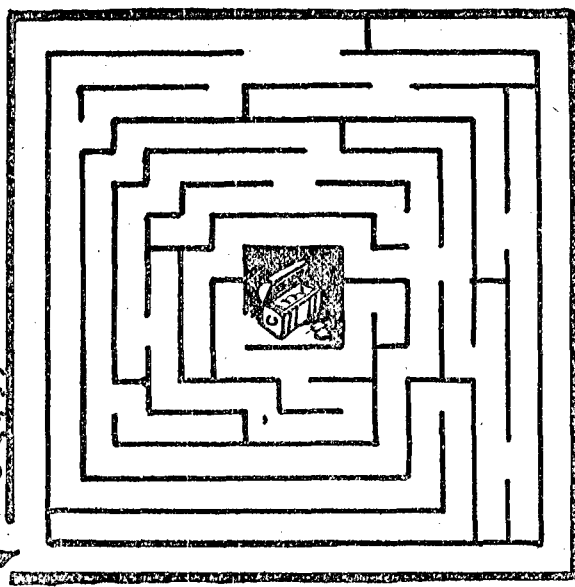
Have a big portion. I only want a small piece.

A day apart

Four of the days included have much in common, but the fifth is out of place. Which?

First Monday in August; Boxing Day; Christmas Day; United Nations' Day; Whit Monday.

How did the pirate reach



the treasure?

MYSTERY FOR ARCHIE

Continued from page 9

tightly, round a spoke of one of the wheels of the handcart. The others looked at him with bafflement on their faces. He straightened up. "All right, I'll explain," he said wearily. "But don't blame me if we all get locked in because of the wasted time." He leaned against the handcart.

"Okay," growled Mitch, "I give in. Let's get this over first. What d'you want me to do?"

"Screw in those loop-things all round the skirting board at three feet intervals over to that table. Thread the string through the loops while Sammy and I build a camera cage."

"Camera cage?" echoed Sammy dumbly.

Setting the camera

Archie brought out the toy construction girders and the tin of nuts and bolts. He set the camera on the table, then crouched behind it, lining up the shafts of the handcart in the viewfinder. Then he began bolting girders to the table top until they locked the camera firmly in position.

"Here's the string, Archie." Mitch's eyes were wide open now. "Gee! I see what you're driving at. You loop the string over the camera trigger; if anybody moves the handcart you get a photograph." Slowly the light died out of his eyes, and his forehead wrinkled. "But why?"

Archie tied the loop of string. He dragged two heavy pieces of scenery into place, to hide the camera. "I'll tell you when we get out," he said. With a last look round his booby trap, he headed for the door.

The others followed him. Hurriedly, on tip-toe, they returned along the passage to the hall.

"There you are!" said Archie in an angry whisper. "I told you

we were wasting too much time. It's locked. Now we're in a mess."

There wasn't even a crack of light from under any of the doors leading out of the hall. The overhead bulbs were out. By the moonlight filtering through the big windows Archie saw Mitch's face close beside him. "Now we've got to do an undignified scramble like burglars."

"Like we did the other night," said Mitch. "It's easy enough."

"Except for two things," Archie said. "One is that the window in the gym has been fastened after what happened the other night—and the other is that we have to get out quietly. We don't know if there's anybody still left in the building. We'd have a lot of awkward explaining to do if we get caught."

"Ssssh!" Sammy's loud warning came from just beside them. "Listen!"

"It's haunted!"

Overhead, something clumped across a floor, and there was a sudden crash of glass.

"Oh, crickey!" breathed Mitch. "I don't like this place. It's haunted. Let's get out of it double quick. Where did that noise come from?"

"The science lab, I think," Archie said. "Unless that glass was a window-pane."

"Where can we get out?"

"Well, not through the gym, anyway. That's a dead cert to begin . . ."

There was another crash upstairs; then footsteps thundered at top speed along a passage.

"Take cover!" said Sammy urgently. "Quick as you can—he's coming downstairs!"

To be continued

Collectors' Piece

Cylindrical Matchboxes

If you collect matchboxes you may like to look out for round or cylindrical specimens, like the one illustrated here, which comes from Italy. It is in the collection of Stuart Ballen, 14-year-old London schoolboy.

The design on the gold wrapper includes details from paintings by the famous Florentine painter, Botticelli.

You do not have to go abroad to get such exciting matchboxes. They are imported by many of the big department stores, so keep an eye open for them.



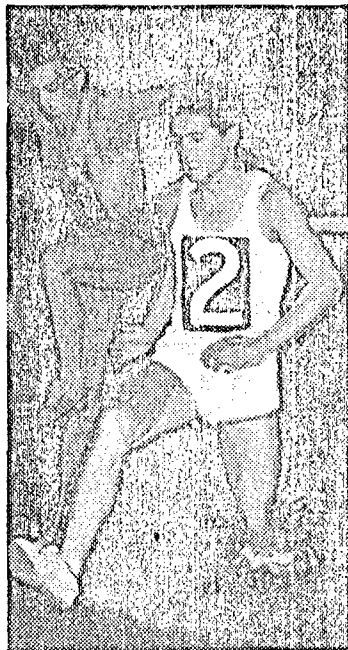
ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

Crossword puzzle. ACROSS. 1 Christmas Day. 8 Pretend. 9 Ratio. 10 Nightmare. 12 Rut. 13 Spends. 14 Renown. 17 Urn. 18 Parthenon. 19 Evade. 20 Atlanta. 22 Restlessness. DOWN. 1 Cup and Saucer. 2 Rue. 3 Scented. 4 Madras. 5 Spree. 6 Afternoon. 7 Continentals. 11 Greengage. 15 Exhales. 16 Create. 18 Pleat. 21 Nec.

Find the vegetables. Bean; pea; carrot; radish; potato; onion. A day apart. United Nations' Day—the others are public holidays. You'll need the answer to get the answer. Patience. A city by numbers. Edinburgh.

Cathedral from the stars.
A T I P E S A E
C O V E N T R Y
E N Y G D Y M E

POLAND IN LONDON



Maurice Herriott

SPECTATORS at the White City can expect a feast of exciting events this weekend, for Great Britain meets Poland, one of the foremost athletics nations in Europe. When the two countries met last year in Warsaw only one point separated them at the end.

One of the most exciting of the events is likely to be the 5,000 metres, in which four of the world's greatest distance runners will line up: our own barefooted runner Bruce Tulloh; Kazimierz Zimny, Olympic bronze medalist in 1960; Zdzislaw Krzyszkowiak, the Pole, with the unpronounceable name and a string of European records; and Derek Ibbotson.

Tulloh is in tremendous form this summer but he will need to be at his very best to beat the tough Polish army officer, whom most people call simply "Kris."

Filter jumper

Maurice Herriott, 22-year-old motor-cycle fitter from Birmingham, is another of Britain's hopes who will look forward to the meeting. He started as a sprinter, but was always keen on jumping—so he combined the two and became a steeplechaser.

He will face strong opposition this weekend, for when he lines up for the 3,000-metres steeplechase he will be up against J. Chromik, who recently returned to the track to win the Polish national title.

Among the women in the match is Mary Peters, who partners Susan Allday in the shot putt. Mary, a domestic science teacher in Belfast, reached international status against Hungary a year ago.

An all-round athlete, she became British women's pentathlon champion this year; but her great ambition is to become our No. 1 shot putter.



Mary Peters

Following in Harris's "wheeltracks"

ONE of the greatest British cyclists of all time, Reg Harris, five times a world sprint champion, came from Manchester. The great Lancashire city may soon be boasting another sprint cycling champion in 16-year-old Mike Maddocks.

A Manchester Grammar School pupil, Mike represented his city in the national schoolboys' 500 metres championship at Herne Hill. Only a puncture in the final, which meant him completing the race on a softening tyre, prevented him winning the title. He finished second to P. Jenner of Coventry.

It might be that Mike Maddocks will follow in Reg Harris's "wheeltracks" and become a world champion.

GAMES SPOTLIGHT



by
**Peter
Hildreth**

One of Britain's finest hurdlers, Peter Hildreth is now writing in CN every week about the forthcoming European Championships and the Empire Games.

THIS week I want to look back to the AAA Championships at the White City—in order to disprove two old maxims.

The first is the well-known "A good big 'un will always beat a good little 'un."

That certainly wasn't the case in the six-miles. After four miles, the trailers were being lapped and at last it was only Roy Fowler and Mike Bullivant who had a chance to win.

Lagging behind were Basil Heatley (the world ten-mile record holder) and Martin Hyman (holder of the U.K. six-miles record). Fowler and Bullivant entered the final straight shoulder to shoulder—or rather, head to shoulder! For Roy Fowler is a mere 5 feet 3 inches while Mike Bullivant is a strapping 6 feet 2 inches.

In a last desperate sprint, Roy's short legs carried him ahead of

the long-striding Mike and the judges awarded the little 'un' the race by the proverbial eye-lash. Both runners were credited with the same time of 27 minutes 49.8 seconds, a new United Kingdom All-Comers, United Kingdom National and AAA National Record. It is also a new British Empire Record. Martin Hyman was third. What a team to represent Great Britain in the European Championships in Belgrade.

What encouragement Roy's win must have given many of you who are on the shortish side and who are wondering what chances you have of beating tall, long-limbed opponents!

JUST before the six-miles, spectators at the White City were watching competitors warming up for the discus event. Burly Jay Silvester of America casually hurled his discus way past the white flag marking the world record.

Unfortunately, he failed to throw anywhere near so far in the actual competition (199 feet 7½ inches compared with well over 200 feet in practice).

The moral? In some events it does not always pay to try too hard!

Jay Silvester must be one of the unluckiest athletes alive. Last year he had a world record throw of over 210 feet only to have his performance disallowed because the ground was slightly sloping. This throw was a good deal better than the present world record of 204 feet 10½ inches by his fellow-American Al Oerter.

PROUD DEBUT

TWELVE-year-old Michael Lacey of Sutton Coldfield can look on a cricket debut with great pride.

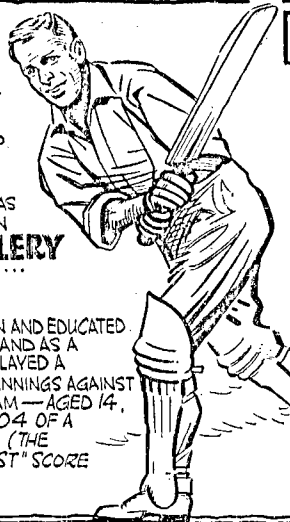
In his first game in the Fairfax High School team he scored 73 runs of his side's total of 103 for 3 declared. His fine innings, which included a six and ten fours, broke the Fairfax High School record for any age.

Michael showed he was useful with the ball, too, when the opposing side batted—he took three wickets.

WARWICKSHIRE ARE CHALLENGING STRONGLY FOR THE COUNTY CRICKET CHAMPIONSHIP

THE LAST TIME THEY WON IT WAS IN 1951, WHEN TOM DOLLERY WAS CAPTAIN...

TOM WAS BORN AND EDUCATED AT READING AND AS A SCHOOLBOY PLAYED A REMARKABLE INNINGS AGAINST AN M.C.C. TEAM—AGED 14, HE SCORED 104 OF A TOTAL OF 115. (THE NEXT "HIGHEST" SCORE WAS 3)

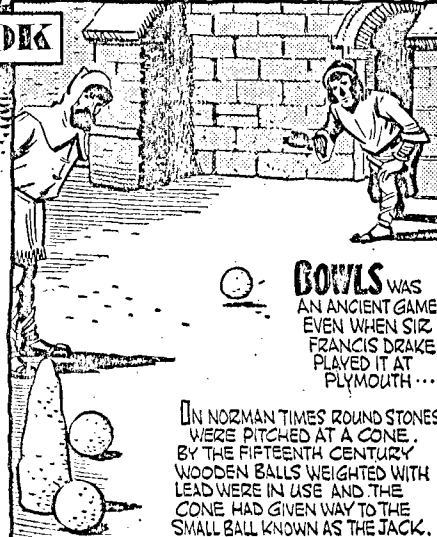


SCRAPBOOK

NEW MANAGER OF GILLINGHAM F.C.
FREDDY COX
HAD A DOUBLE CUP FINAL INTEREST IN 1952...

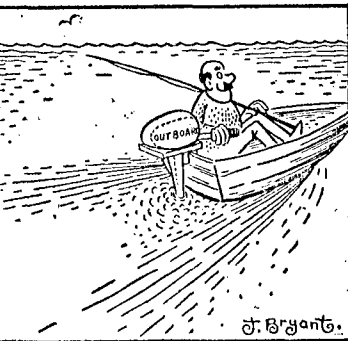
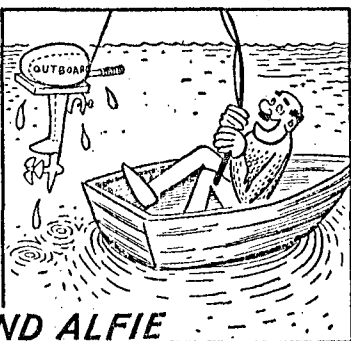
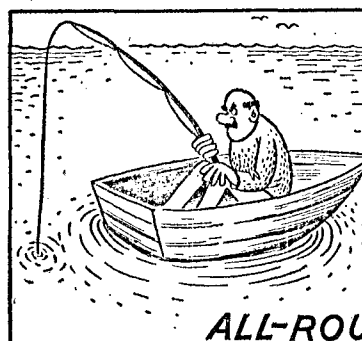


HE WAS OUTSIDE RIGHT FOR ARSENAL (DEFEATED F.A. CUP FINALISTS) AND COACH TO WALTHAMSTOW AVENUE (AMATEUR CUP WINNERS).



BOWLS WAS AN ANCIENT GAME EVEN WHEN SIR FRANCIS DRAKE PLAYED IT AT PLYMOUTH...

IN NORMAN TIMES ROUND STONES WERE PITCHED AT A CONE. BY THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY WOODEN BALLS WEIGHTED WITH LEAD WERE IN USE AND THE CONE HAD GIVEN WAY TO THE SMALL BALL KNOWN AS THE JACK.



ALL-ROUND ALFIE

© B. Bryant

Be sure of
HAPPY HOLIDAYS
with the



Readers of PRINCESS HOLIDAY SPECIAL can be sure of a happy time! Every young girl will delight in the adventures of favourites from PRINCESS weekly, the famous Happy Days family, Sally Doyle the Circus Ballerina, Crocus the Cat and many more. PRINCESS HOLIDAY SPECIAL has lots of holiday fun, puzzles, jokes, picture-stories, written stories and entertainment a-plenty! Don't miss it—even if you're staying at home. Get this big, colourful holiday treat NOW.

Princess
HOLIDAY SPECIAL

48 big pages 1/6

From newsagents and bookstalls everywhere